ΑΥΩ

In our Solar World the One Existence is Heaven and the earth, the root and the flower, the action and the thought. It is in the Sun, and is as present in the glow-worm. Not an atom can escape it. Therefore the ancient Sages have wisely called it the manifested God in Nature.—*H. P. B. in the Secret Doctrine, V.* 1.

THE PATH.

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KARMA AND FREE-WILL.

Never yet has there been a student of any philosophy who has not sooner or later found his feet entangled in the web of Determinism and Free-will. The law of causation, the endless chain of causes and effects stretching backwards into the "infinite azure of the past" and, by analogy, into the darkness of the future, seems to rend from man every shred of free-will, and to leave him a mere link in the chain, effect of past causes, cause of new effects. The "instinctual feeling" that "I am free to choose" goes for nothing, for the question is not "Am I free to choose?", but "*Why* do I choose?"; not "Can I do as I like?", but "Why do I like?" When two ways lie before me, I can choose—barring external compulsion—along which of the twain I will walk, and in so far I am free: this fact of freedom impresses itself on the surface of consciousness, and, being constantly repeated, gives rise to the habitual or "instinctive" feeling of freedom. This feeling does not go beyond the first layer, so to speak, of consciousness,

but since very few people do more than float about on the surface of this first layer, the problems concerned with the deeper strata trouble them not at all. The student, however, digging deeper into himself, into the mysteries of his own being, soon discovers the very superficial nature of the vaunted freedom, and realizing that his choice is determined by motives, that he "chooses" to walk along this road or the other because determined by a preference, *i. e.* by the strongest of the motives drawing him in different directions, the victorious desire becoming the volition, he gives up the "fiction of free-will" and embraces determinism. His further study leads him into a settled belief in the invariable sequence of cause and effect in the mental as in the physical world; he observes how racial and family characteristics color the currents of men's thoughts and limit the range of their thinking, until he gradually crystallizes into a fixed belief that each volition is the inevitable outcome of previous conditions, these conditions, in their turn, being the results of still earlier ones, and so on, backwards and backwards ever, link after link in an infrangible chain. Arrived at this point, there is but a step to fatalism, to a feeling that all is pre-determined and cannot be otherwise, that every apparent effort is illusive as effort and is merely inevitable impulse, as supineness is inevitable stagnation. Let the philosophic theory be translated into popular belief, and paralysis sets in, to be followed by death and putrefaction.

Now Karma is the enunciation of the law of causation in its fullest meaning, including in its sweep alike the Kosmos and the atom. Every cause must flower into effect after its kind, and every effect must ripen into new cause. As in the physical, so on every other plane, the seen being but the mere reflection of the unseen, the one law ruling everywhere and everywhen, in all worlds, through all times. Yet by what sounds like a paradox, the very philosophy that enunciates Karmic law restores to man his free-will, reconciling the superficial contradiction by leading man through the depths of his own being, by teaching him to know himself.

Let us, in order to clarify our thinking, start from above and work downwards, and then return upwards yet again, thus tracing an outline to which further meditation may add strength and detail.

Unconditioned will alone can be absolutely free: the unconditioned and the absolute are one: all that is conditioned must, by virtue of that conditioning, be relative and therefore partially bound. As that Will evolves the universe, it becomes conditioned by the laws of its own manifestation. The Manasic entities are differentiations of that Will, each conditioned by the nature of its manifesting potency; but, while conditioned without, it is free within its own sphere of activity, so being the image in its own world of the Universal Will in the universe. Now as this Will, acting on each successive plane, crystallizes itself more and more densely as matter,

the manifestation is conditioned by the material in which it works, while, relatively to the material, it is itself free. So, at each stage, the inner freedom appears in consciousness, while yet investigation shows that that freedom works within the limits of the plane of manifestation on which it is acting, free to work upon the lower, yet hindered as to manifestation by the responsiveness of the lower to its impulse. Thus the Higher Manas, in whom resides Free-will, so far as the Lower Quaternary is concerned—being the offspring of Mahat, the third Logos, the Word, *i. e.* the Will in manifestation—is limited in its manifestation in our lower nature by the sluggishness of the response of the personality to its impulses; in the Lower Manas—itself, as immersed in that personality—resides the will with which we are familiar, swayed by passions, by appetites, by desires, by impressions coming from without, yet able to assert itself against them all, by virtue of its essential nature, one with that Higher Ego of which it is the Ray. It *is* free, as regards all below it, able to act on Kama and on the physical body, however much its full expression may be thwarted and hindered by the crudeness of the material in which it is working. Were the will the mere outcome of the physical body, of the desires and passions, whence could arise the sense of the "I" that can judge, can decide, can overcome? It acts from a higher plane, is royal as touching the lower whenever it claims the royalty of birthright, and the very struggle of its self-assertion is the best testimony to the fact that in its nature it is free. And so, passing to lower planes, we find in each grade this freedom of the higher as ruling the lower, yet, *on the plane of the lower*, hindered in manifestation. Reversing the process and starting from the lower, the same truth becomes manifest. Let a man's limbs be loaded with fetters, and the crude material iron will prevent the manifestation of the muscular and nervous force with which they are instinct: none the less is that force present, though hindered for the moment in its activity. Its strength may be shown in its very efforts to break the chains that bind it: there is no power in the iron to prevent the free giving out of the muscular energy, though the phenomena of motion may be hindered. But while this energy cannot be ruled by the physical nature below it, its expenditure is determined by the Kamic principle; passions and desires can set it going, can direct and control it. The muscular and nervous energy cannot rule the passions and desires, they are free as regards it, it is determined by their interposition. Yet again, Kama may be ruled, controlled, determined, by the will; as touching the Manasic principle it is bound, not free, and hence the sense of freedom in choosing which desire shall be gratified, which act performed. As the Lower Manas rules Kama, the Lower Quaternary takes its rightful position of subserviency to the Higher Triad, and is determined by a will it recognizes as above itself, and, as regards itself, a will that is free. Here

in many a mind will spring the question, "And what of the will of the Higher Manas; is that in turn determined by what is above it, while it is free to all below?" But we have reached a point where the intellect fails us, and where language may not easily utter that which the spirit senses in those higher realms. Dimly only can we feel that there, as everywhere else, the truest freedom must lie in harmony with law, and that voluntary acceptance of the function of acting as channel of the Universal Will must unite into one perfect Liberty and perfect Obedience.

Let us now see how this view of Free-will adapts itself to the conception of Karmic law. Our bodies, our minds, our circumstances, all are, we are told, Karmic effects, and it is within these conditions that we have to act. It becomes, then, important to understand how these came to be what they are, and how far they can be modified, if at all, by our will. Now the position presents itself to my mind in the following fashion (it being understood, of course, that I am not speaking with any kind of authority, but only as student to fellow-students, if haply I may throw out any suggestion useful to others and gain any correction useful to myself). At the end of any incarnation the harvest of life is reaped and garnered; gradually, during the Devachanic interval, all the personal details fall out, and by a purifying alchemy all is evaporated save the essence of the experiences, remaining as Thought-matrices on the Manasic plane. When the period for rebirth is approaching, the Ego passes to the plane of Reincarnation, bringing with it these thought-matrices, or "mental deposits" as Patanjali has it, and these, projected to the astral plane, become there the astral brain and mould the astral body, into which during prenatal earth-life the physical body is builded, molecule by molecule. Thus does the essence of past experiences appear on this plane in brain-formations ready to respond to the impulses of the Manasic principle, formations which *as effects*, under Karmic law, cannot be altered, and limit the manifestation of the Ego on the physical plane, but effects which spring from causes set going by the very will which, as effects, they limit, and for which the individual is, in a very real sense, responsible.

So again are the circumstances amid which we live and which condition our freedom, circumstances largely of our own creation. They are the results, in manifestation, of the causes set going by us in the world of thought: we create there, and here our creations assume objective shapes. It may be said that social conditions are not the result of any one person's thoughts, and that is so: but, first, we cannot separate our lives from those of our race or refuse to bear our share of the common burden; and secondly, if we had had nothing in us answering to the conditions, we should not have been attracted towards them to be born among them. These effects, as effects, are fixed and must condition our activity; but we can

mould them as causes while they limit us as effects, and so create a better future. For see how our Free-will can alter the effect *as cause;* a terrible grief comes on us, and cannot be avoided; it is an effect, and must be endured. But we can bear it bravely, patiently, learning from it every lesson it can teach, or we can rebel furiously against it, setting up a vortex of disharmony, strengthening the evil within us and weakening the good. In the first case the effect becomes, as cause, parent of good Karma and hereafter will bear fruit of good to ourselves and the world; in the second it will breed new misery and evil in the days to come. If our will can thus mould the future, are we puppets, slaves of Destiny? Nay, but we create our Destiny, and if the Destiny seem evil, blame him who wrought so badly that he is appalled by the work of his own hands.

It is in our present acting that lies our freedom; to each, at each moment, comes this god-like liberty of choice. "Choose well, for thy choice is brief and yet endless", said Goethe; the brief choice is ours, the endless outcome is under Karmic law. The choice once made is made for ever, and we have of our free will set a-going a cause the effects of which are our Karma, and will limit us in days to come. "God himself cannot undo the past", and our past contains our present, which cannot therefore be changed.

Truly I have written but a sentence of a vast theme; but Karma is an exhaustless subject, and patience in readers but a finite quantity.

ANNIE BESANT.

IS POVERTY BAD KARMA?

The question of what is good Karma and what bad has been usually considered by theosophists from a very worldly and selfish standpoint. The commercial element has entered into the calculation as to the result of merit and demerit. Eternal Justice, which is but another name for Karma, has been spoken of as awarding this or that state of life to the reincarnating ego solely as a mere balance of accounts in a ledger, with a payment in one case by way of reward and a judgment for debt in another by way of punishment.

It has been often thought that if a man be rich and well circumstanced it must follow that in his prior incarnation he was good although poor; and that if he now be in poverty the conclusion is that, when on earth before, his life was bad if rich. So it has come about that the sole test of good or bad Karma is one founded entirely upon his purse. But is poverty with all its miseries bad Karma? Does it follow, because a man is born in the lowest station in life, compelled always to live in the humblest way,

often starving and hearing his wife and children cry out for food, that therefore he is suffering from bad Karma?

If we look at the question entirely from the plane of this one life, this personality, then of course what is disagreeable and painful in life may be said to be bad. But if we regard all conditions of life as experiences undergone by the ego for the purpose of development, then even poverty ceases to be "bad Karma". Strength comes only through trial and exercise. In poverty are some of the greatest tests for endurance, the best means for developing the strength of character which alone leads to greatness. These egos, then, whom we perceive around us encased in bodies whose environment is so harsh that endurance is needed to sustain the struggle, are voluntarily, for all we know, going through that difficult school so as to acquire further deep experience and with it strength.

The old definition of what is good and what bad Karma is the best. That is: "Good Karma is that which is pleasing to Ishwara, and bad that which is displeasing to Ishwara." There is here but very little room for dispute as to poverty or wealth; for the test and measure are not according to our present evanescent human tastes and desires, but are removed to the judgment of the immortal self—Ishwara. The self may not wish for the pleasures of wealth, but seeing the necessity for discipline decides to assume life among mortals in that low station where endurance, patience, and strength may be acquired by experience. There is no other way to implant in the character the lessons of life.

It may then be asked if all poverty and low condition are good Karma? This we can answer, under the rule laid down, in the negative. Some such lives, indeed many of them, are bad Karma, displeasing to the immortal self imprisoned in the body, because they are not by deliberate choice, but the result of causes blindly set in motion in previous lives, sure to result in planting within the person the seeds of wickedness that must later be uprooted with painful effort. Under this canon, then, we would say that the masses of poor people who are not bad in nature are enduring oftener than not good Karma, because it is in the line of experience Ishwara has chosen, and that only those poor people who are wicked can be said to be suffering bad Karma, because they are doing and making that which is displeasing to the immortal self within. WILLIAM BREHON, F. T. S.

CALLING ARAMINTA BACK.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; Blessed be the name of the Lord." The parson's unctuous glibness, in utterance of the pious platitude, seemed to Mr. Blodgett—chief mourner—animated by personal approval of the Lord's final action in the premises. Would there have been

such a tinge of satisfaction in his resignation if the dead woman had been his own wife? Was it quite certain that the Lord had concerned Himself at all about either the giving or the taking of Mrs. Araminta Blodgett?

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God," etc., etc., went on the flow of formal blandiloquence. Why had it pleased Him? wondered John Blodgett. What interest could He have had in the matter? It certainly had not pleased Araminta, who was seriously misunderstood if her oft-expressed desire to "enter into the heavenly rest" had been taken in earnest. And so far from pleasing her husband, it had much annoyed him—to state the case mildly. Araminta had some "trying ways," doubtless, but probably not more than other women have, and John, in thirty years of married life, had got used to them.

The poor old widower, riding by himself in the slow-moving carriage behind the hearse, felt very sad and lonely. Though by no means an imaginative man, the fancy grew upon him that his life was a cable, a great strand of which had parted when Araminta died, weakening what was left. At the receiving vault he looked on silently, while the attendants filed Araminta away in a stone pigeon-hole and slid its heavy iron door into place with a bang. He made no spectacular display of grief, for his nature was not demonstrative, and at fifty-five one does not care enough about what people think to prompt the simulation of emotion.

But when he got back into his carriage again, all alone, as he preferred to be, his eyes were moist and he thought very gravely upon what had happened to Araminta; what was going to happen to him in the few years he had yet to go, companionless, down the hill of life; and how much better it would have been if they could have finished the course together. Decidedly, he reflected, the Lord's way of pleasing Himself occasioned great inconvenience to others. Mr. Blodgett meant no irreverence in so thinking, he had merely—through much hearing of prayers and sermons—got into a habit of almost social familiarity with God's personality.

The way was long, and, though the horses trotted briskly on the return from the cemetery, the short winter day had ended by the time the widower reached his home. He sighed, as he let himself in with his latch-key, at the ominously suggestive darkness of the hall-way yawning before him. It looked like an enlargement of the pigeon-hole in which they had deposited Araminta. Never before had he found it unlighted. She always saw to that. He turned into the dark parlor and barked one of his shins upon something that stood directly in his way, which upon examination proved to be one of the trestles used to support Araminta's coffin. It belonged in the house, so had not been carried off by the undertaker, and nobody had thought of removing it when its temporary service here was ended. The sudden realization of what it was gave Mr. Blodgett quite a shock, for it

brought vividly back to his mental vision her face, cold and white and still, in the silken interior of the costly casket, as he had last seen it, just at that spot.

He shuddered and imagined that he heard a faint sigh somewhere near him. Holding his breath and listening so intently that he thought he could hear his heart beat, he stood perfectly still and vainly strove to pierce the intense darkness with his sight. A little thrill of chilliness seemed to run over his skin, and for a moment he had an impression that there was near him some one he was much more likely to see then than he would be if he had a light. The person—or whatever it was—seemed to be at his elbow, just behind his shoulder, and he felt an almost irresistible impulse to, instead of looking around, jump to the door and make his escape. Then he pulled his scattered faculties together with the reflection :

"Nonsense! I didn't imagine there was enough superstition in me to make me even think of such a thing! And, even if it should be Araminta, why should I be afraid of her now—when she is past talking?"

Quite himself again, he turned on his heel, walked deliberately out to the hall and went on to the dining room, where he found warmth, light, comfort, and company. Miss Artemisia Hodson, an elderly spinster, and Mrs. Ellice Merwin, widow—"friends of the corpse" as they had styled themselves when assuming authority—had temporarily grasped the reins of control, fortunately for the easy going of the household chariot. When all other friends went away, to the cemetery, or shopping, or the *matinée*, after the services in the church, these two good ladies marched straight to Mr. Blodgett's house, announced themselves and took possession, to the serious disappointment of Lucy—the maid—who had just become interested in rummaging her late mistress's bureau drawers, and the infinite disgust of the cook, who had just commenced to get drunk. Miss Hodson rescued Araminta's keys, locked up her room, and found work for Lucy in setting the dining table. Mrs. Merwin directed affairs in the kitchen. Rebellion against two such energetic, experienced women was clearly impossible, and when John came home the dinner awaiting him was one that Araminta herself had never excelled.

"Though it does seem like a waste of good victuals, to set such a meal before a man stricken with grief and naturally without any appetite when in sorrow, most likely," commented the spinster, who had strange ways of giving undue prominence to her ignorance of men.

"Humph!" sniffed the wiser Mrs. Merwin, "Men are critters you must feed under all circumstances. I've read in novels a heap about love and grief spoiling their appetites, but never saw anything of the sort and don't believe it. Why, a man will eat a hearty breakfast while the sheriff is waiting to hang him when he gets through. I've read of them doing it. From

the cradle to the grave the one thing they live for is—to eat. All the events of their lives are simply incidents that happen between meals. They tell us that in the New Jerusalem 'there shall be neither marrying nor giving in marriage' [Miss Hodson sighed], but I take notice they speculate on 'rivers of milk and honey,' which is figurative of course, like most of Scripture, for naturally where you get milk you have beef critters—but milk is more poetic—and what would be the use of so much honey if you weren't to have any bread to spread it on?"

"Don't you think, Sister Merwin," suggested the spinster timidly, "that you take the words of the promises a little too literally?"

"No. You can't be too literal for a man when you come to talk about feed, either here or in the hereafter."

Mr. Blodgett's appetite hardly did justice to the widow's expectations. He missed the face he had so long been accustomed to see opposite him at every meal; the setting of the table was novel to him; Miss Hodson innocently put milk in his tea; Mrs. Merwin had not known that he loathed mutton; altogether, it seemed to him as if he were dining out and that Araminta might, at any minute, come in to say, "John, it is time for us to be going". It was a great relief to him when the announcement of a visitor, Mr. Elnathan Flitters—who came to offer his condolences—afforded excuse for escape from the table.

Mr. Flitters was a nice, well-meaning man, good rather than bright, of whose society it was not difficult to get an elegant sufficiency in a short time when he mounted his one hobby—spiritualism. The "summer-land" was known to him as Paris or Oshkosh may be to other persons. All departed greatness was, so to speak, "kept on tap" for him, and its communications literally "drawn from the wood" by his mediums for his benefit. One had only to know the gems of thought freely bestowed upon him by the intellectual giants "on the other shore", to recognize how different they were from the crude mental products of earth life. There, for instance, was that sweet assurance by Carlyle—"My friend, it is good to be good, not for the good there is in goodness, but for the goodness of being good." Of course, Carlyle never could have said anything like that when he was alive. Probably he would rather have been kicked than have done so. But, being dead, that was his style. And Mr. Flitters could quote such things to you all night, a fact which minimized eagerness for his companionship among those who knew him. To have the genuineness of those communications questioned by sceptics and scoffers saddened, but did not anger, him. He honestly pitied the doubters.

"That which I know—I know," he would reply calmly. "I have called for thousands of those who have gone before, all the great names in history, sacred and profane, from Adam down, and none have failed to re-

spond. Would you reject their multitudinous testimony? I hope not. Why, it was but the other night that Marc Anthony came to us; did not wait to be called for, but just dropped in; and at my request repeated his great speech over Cæsar's body, commencing:

'Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.'

The medium wrote it all down, just as he delivered it, and it is, word for word, as reported by Shakespeare. Could you doubt such evidence as that? I hope not."

Mr. Flitters' present mission was not the mere offering of empty condolences. It was his habit to call wherever he was acquainted, as soon as possible after an invasion by Death in a domestic circle, and urge upon the survivors the practicability and advisability of opening up communications at once with the dear departed. The sooner this was done, he averred, before the spirit strayed away on excursions into infinite space, to which it would find itself impelled by natural curiosity, the easier it would be of accomplishment. Mr. Blodgett, he said, had only to say the word in order to have his wishes gratified, if he desired to speak with his wife again, or even to see her.

The widower's mental vision beheld again that white, still face in the casket, so real yet so horribly unlike the woman who had walked by his side through more than a quarter of a century of life, and he shuddered.

"I don't know," he replied hesitatingly, "about bothering Araminta—before she gets sort of settled down in her new surroundings anyway. Everything over there must be strange to her yet—if it is at all like what you say. She never could bear to be pestered when she had anything on her mind; just wanted to be let alone until she had had her think out. I guess we'd better let her be for the present."

"But," argued Mr. Flitters, "this is the very time when she will be most grateful for recall. Lovely as the summer-land is, she is a stranger and may not yet have run across any friends. In her lonesomeness she will be glad to know she is cherished in remembrance by friends here. And she cannot return uninvited. Just think that in silence she stretches out her appealing hands to you from the golden shore. She only awaits your call to return and be your guardian angel. Ah! do not repulse the angel visitors, Mr. Blodgett. Call her back."

The ladies joined their solicitations to those of Mr. Flitters, not that positive Mrs. Merwin "really believed anything would come of it, but at least there would be no harm in trying". Eventually Mr. Blodgett succumbed to the pressure of the trio.

"Well," he assented, "I agree. Araminta is welcome to come back if it seems fittin' to her to do so. But how do you propose to fetch her?"

"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Flitters triumphantly, "leave that to me—to me and Mrs. Husslewell, I should say. A wonderful woman Mrs. Husslewell is, sir; gifted with miraculous power. I will bring her here to-morrow night and you shall see for youself. Yes, sir. You shall see—what you shall see."

When Mr. Blodgett went up to his room that night, his surroundings there painfully accentuated his sense of bereavement. He and Araminta were old-fashioned folks who had occupied the same apartment, in common, all their married lives, and naturally the traces of her presence were, to those of his, in the proportion of ten to one. Everything of which his senses took cognizance reminded him of "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that was still". The air was still heavy with the perfume she used; her toilet appliances were scattered over the top of the bureau; an open door showed a closet hung full of her dresses; one of her wrappers was draped over a rocking-chair, as if she had just thrown it off; a withered bunch of flowers, the last she saw with mortal sight, stood upon a stand by the bed; on the mantel was a book she had been reading, with her scissors stuck between the leaves to mark where she left off; as he groped under the bed for his slippers, his fingers first came in contact with hers; and as he sat down to take off his shoes, the "tidy" on the back of the chair, pulled loose by his shoulders, slipped down and one of its pins jabbed him cruelly in the small of the back. It was perhaps the thousandth time that had happened to him, and as he tore the thing loose from its moorings near his spine and hurled it, with a half-smothered execration, across the room, he vowed that would never occur again. He always had hated "tidies", but Araminta possessed a mania for them, and consequently they were on every chair in the house. But—let him who could, find one of them after to-morrow.

Stirring the fire and putting his slippered feet on the fender before it, he sank into reverie. Naturally that which was uppermost in his thoughts was the calling back of Araminta. How might it affect her chances of participation in the general resurrection? if she broke the programme, which—according to the preacher—was that she should sleep until then. But then the preacher had said some queer and probably untrue things, and his information about the resurrection scheme might be unreliable. He said that damnation had been the common lot of all who lived prior to the coming of Christ, and that proposition did not commend itself to any fair-minded man. How about Moses, and David, and Elias, and Jonah, and Lot, and lots more of the Biblical worthies? Were they all damned? And the repeated assurance that "the blood of Christ washeth away all sin" surely had not a leg to stand on, logically, nor was admissible upon any hypothesis that would be creditable to God.

Mr. Blodgett, it will be perceived, was little, if any, better than a

heathen, for he had the audacity to reason about these things—to which his attention was now, for the first time, seriously drawn—instead of accepting every thing by faith, as the preacher said he should. His cogitations, or Miss Hodson's strong tea, made him nervous, so he knew there was no use in going to bed, and thought he would like to smoke a cigar. He had already started for his "study", the little den which was the only place in all that big house where Araminta had allowed him to burn tobacco, when he suddenly remembered that there was nobody now to object to his smoking wherever he pleased, nobody to care whether "the smell got into the curtains" or not. So he lighted the fragrant little roll and sat down again, with a sigh that was not wholly regretful pain. It did seem to him that there was a tremulous movement in the air, as if of a groan that was almost audible, but of course that was only his nerves, he said to himself, and he went on with his musings and smoking.

When he had finished his cigar, he tossed its butt into the grate and went to bed. Never before had he realized how big that bed was. Its wideness made him feel lonesome. After a time, he dropped into a doze, from which he waked suddenly with a violent start and a thrill of horror. His arm was thrown over something that lay beside him, a tangible, bodily form, round and cold. The fire had died down and the room was dark. He leaped out of bed, lighted the gas and looked. The form was still there. It was the spare pillow. With a snort of disgust he said to himself:

"I wouldn't have been such a fool if that old maid had not given me such confoundedly strong tea and insisted upon my taking two cups of it."

He felt that it would be useless to try again to sleep without taking something to quiet his nerves, and remembered that a little closet in his den contained a soother which would be likely to meet the emergency. Lighting a candle, he went to get it, walking cautiously on tip-toe, though if he had stopped to think, he would have remembered there was now nobody sleeping in that part of the house. When he entered the den he pulled down the window-blind, bolted the door, and then opened a little closet neatly concealed in the wall. The medicine was before him, in a decanter bearing the mysterious initials "S. O. P." He was just about pouring some of it into a glass and taking it "straight," when the happy thought occurred to him that it would be much more palatable, perhaps even almost enjoyable, with the addition of hot water and sugar; also that it might be more efficacious if sipped leisurely, while he smoked a cigar before his bed room fire. Well, why should he not take it as he pleased? Araminta could not put her veto on the proceedings now. With a newly-born sense of independence thrilling him, he marched back to his room, carrying the decanter along, and walking upon his heels even louder than was necessary.

Araminta was always lenient to her own little weaknesses, first of which was tea-drinking in her room at all odd hours, and kept handy a very complete apparatus for brewing her frequent cups of cheer. In her silver kettle, over the alcohol lamp, John boiled some water; in her cut-glass bowl he found lumps of loaf-sugar; and when he had compounded the medicine he sniffed its fragrant steam with hearty satisfaction. Then he lighted another cigar, took a sip of the toddy and smiled. Again he fancied near him a faint atmospheric disturbance, suggestive of a groan audible only to the mind, rather more distinct than before. But the grateful warmth of the beverage spread a glow of comfort through his frame; he sipped again, smacking his lips; a feeling of emancipation animated him and he said:

"Let her groan. This suits me. But if Flitters brings her back, as he has promised, the way she will declare herself will be a lesson to the meek in spirit. And how much more of that can I stand? Maybe it might prove a good deal easier to start than to stop. Is it prudent to turn Araminta loose on a congenial theme when she is quiet? Is it kind to her to disturb her? Doubtless she is, as Flitters says, a stranger in the summerland, but she is old enough to take care of herself, wherever she is, and will find some way of getting into good society before long. Ten chances to one she has run across Mrs. Danforth already, and has advance points on all the coming Easter styles in robes and halos. What's the use of bringing her back to be unhappy with the knowledge that I'm making myself comfortable?"

When at length Mr. Blodgett returned to his bed, his nerves had been effectively soothed and he slept sweetly, but his last waking thought was a doubt of the advisability of calling Araminta back.

JAMES H. CONNELLY.

(*To be continued.*)

ABOUT "SPIRIT" MATERIALIZATIONS.

SOME EVIDENCE FROM SPIRITUALISM.

An examination of the records of the past forty years of what is known as the spiritualistic movement discloses a strange state of things, revealing a blindness on the part of that unorganized body of people to the just and logical conclusions to be drawn from the vast mass of facts in their possession. They have been carried away wholly by the pleasures of wonder-seeking and ghost-hunting to such an extent that nearly all of them wish for and seek out only that which they are pleased to call the spirits of the departed. In a former article in this magazine this has been called "the worship of the dead"; and that it justly is.

It is not the worship of those who have died, such as the Hindu and other eastern nations have in their ceremonies for the spirits of the fathers, but it is the running after that which is really dead to all intents and purposes— corpses in fact. For these people stand on the brink of the grave and call for those who have passed away, who are still living in other states, who do not return; and in response to the cry the seekers are rewarded by the ghosts, the ghouls, the vampires, the senseless, wavering shapes, the useless images and reflections of human thoughts and acts of which the vast reservoir of the astral light is full. This and this alone is their worship. It is the seeking after dead images, senseless and conscienceless, moved by force alone and attracted solely by our passions and desires that give them a faint and fleeting vitality.

Yet from the remotest days of the past down to the present time the loudest and clearest warnings have been given against such practices. It is what was called necromancy in the old time, prohibited in the Christian Bible and the pagan mysteries alike.

Moses, educated among the Egyptians, told his people that they must not run after these things, and the Hindus, warned by centuries of sorrow, long ago declared against it, so that to-day these so-called "spirits" are known to them as devils. The literature of the Theosophical Society is full of these warnings from the very first book issued by H. P. Blavatsky to this present article. But the spiritualists and their leaders, if they have any, persistently ignore not only the experience of the past but also the cautions now and then given by their own "spirits". For, as is well known to the thoughtful theosophist, mediums, being passive and open to any and every influence that may come their way, often do give out the knowledge in the possession of living men on these subjects.

Many times have learned living occultists entered into the sphere of mediums and compelled them to tell the truth, which has been sometimes recorded and preserved so that it may be inspected afterwards when found in the mass of their history as printed in their journals. To some of this I purpose to refer, for no spiritualist can say with propriety that the evidence given through their own mediums and purporting to come from the "spirit land" is not to be relied upon. If they reject any such testimony from mediums who have not been shown to be frauds, they must reject all. Enough has been given out by those who say they are controlled by spirits to prove the case made by the theosophists, or, at the least, to throw doubt upon the assertions of spiritualists about the summer land and the returning of spirits.

In October, 1887, beginning on the 13th, the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* began a series of interviews with a medium in Chicago in which questions were put to the control by the reporter of that paper. This "con-

trol" was called Jim Nolan, and the medium was Mrs. M. J. Hollis Billing. Her reputation has never been assailed, nor has she been ever accused of lying or fraudulent practise. The place where the interviews took place was 24 Ogden Avenue.

The first question was whether Nolan understood the process of spirit materialization. He, replying from the "spirit world", said he did, and proceeded in substance thus :

"The electrical particles in a dark room are in a quiet condition ; they are collected by us and laid upon one another until we have made an electrical form (still unseen). We then take magnetism from the medium or from the sitters in the circle and with it coat this electrical form. After that the form is used by the "spirit", who steps into it and uses it as a form."

This of course proves from the side of the spirits that no materialized form is the form of any spirit whatever, for certainly electrical and magnetic particles are not spiritual. Nolan then proceeds :

"Another way is this : We gather these particles to which I have referred, and, going into the astral light, we reflect upon them the face of some spirit and thus a reflected image of a spirit is seen. Or, again, we collect these particles into a sheet or plane surface, take chemicals from the atmosphere with which to coat them over, and then (at the request of the sitters) reflect upon this surface a face, and you see the features of the deceased or other person."

From this it follows inevitably that no real face of any spirit is seen, and as the images are taken from the astral light the whole thing is full of deception. At the request of the sitter the operating "spirit" finds in the astral light any desired face, and then goes through the form of reflecting it upon the prepared surface. Now all of this on the part of Jim Nolan is very scientific, much more so than the mass of nonsense usually heard from "spirits", yet it has passed unnoticed because it is a deathblow out of their own camp to the claims of spiritualists that the dead return or that spirits can materialize, and raises up the horrid suspicion that they do not know, never can know, who or what it is that speaks and masquerades at their *séances* and behind the forms said to be materializations of spirits. It at once opens the door to the possibility that perhaps the theory of the theosophists is right, that these spirits are only shells of dead people and that nothing is heard from them except what may be found on the earth and in the earthly lives and thoughts of living peop'e. But the second question was in regard to the identity of "spirits" among many materialized forms, and the reply was :

"It is very rarely in cases of materialization that over two or three forms are used for the whole number of reporting spirits. Really, what

would be the use in building house after house for every one who wishes to go into it for some special purpose?" What use, truly, except to prove that spirits do come back in the way claimed by spiritualists? But what he says upsets the identity of any materialization. If two forms have been used by five or more spirits to show themselves in, it of course results that none of them have shown themselves at all, but that some force or intelligence outside the circle or inside the medium has done all the talking by means of access to the astral light where all the pictures and all the images are forever stored up.

Nolan. "The materialized form shown never belonged to the physical part of that spirit. It consists of chemical, electrical, and magnetic particles or elements from the atmosphere." At the sitting of October 27th in the same year he said:

"The Astral Light spoken of by ancient men is what we call magnetic light. All the acts of life are *photographed in the astral light of each individual*; the astral light retains all those peculiar things which occur to you from day to day." And again, on the 12th of January, in reply to the sixth question, the same "spirit" said: "We gather these electrical particles together and with them form a house, as it were, into which we step; they are no more a part of the spirit than the chair on which you sit."

Nothing could be plainer than this. Out of the mouth of the "spirit" who has never been charged with being untruthful it is proved that the astral light exists, that it contains all images of all our acts and of ourselves, and that these images are reflected from that other side to this, and are mistakenly taken by the ghost hunter for the faces, the bodies, the acts, the speech of those who have gone the great journey. So, then, just as we have always contended, all these sittings with mediums and these materializations prove only the existence, powers, and functions of the astral light. As the frequenters of *séances* are not behind the scenes, they cannot say who it is or what it may be that operates to produce the phenomena exhibited. It may be good spirit or devil; more likely the latter. And therefore the great Roman Catholic Church has always insisted that its members should not run after these "spirits", accounting them devilish and asserting that all these powers and forces are under the charge of the fallen angels.

It is seldom, perhaps not once in a century of materializations, that a spirit such as that called Jim Nolan would be so foolish as to give out correct information as he has done in the sittings referred to: for the nature and habit of the elements who work at the most of these *séances* is to bring about and continue delusion. But going a step farther, I say that in the case of Jim Nolan it was no "spirit" of dead man and no elemental that spoke and acted, but the spirit, soul, and intelligence of a living man who chose to take the name of Nolan as being as good as any other, in order that

the evidence might be recorded for the benefit of the spiritualists in their own camp and in their special investigations, of the truth of the matter, as an offset to the mass of stuff gathered by the elementals from the brains and confused thoughts of mediums and sitters alike. This evidence cannot be razed from the record, although so far it remains unnoticed. It must stand with all the rest. But while the rest will fall as not being in accord with reason, this will remain because it is the truth as far as it goes.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

THE SOLIDARITY OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The one-ness in any association must result from a common conviction enlivened by motive. Unless men have something in common they will not associate, and that something is what prompts the association. But mere abstract beliefs are inadequate to cause cohesion: only when they are vitalized by a purpose does magnetism set in.

Such is the genesis of all unions. A stock company expresses visibly the facts that certain individuals are convinced that a certain business department may be profitably exploited, and that they desire to secure the gain. A Public Library means that various citizens believe in literature as ennobling and wish to bring it within their own reach. A Charity Hospital presupposes that its founders felt unrelieved suffering to be an evil, and were anxious to aid in its cure. So in every other organization of units. There is first a belief, then a motive, then a combination to effectuate it.

It is obvious also that when either the belief clouds or the motive weakens, the association is abandoned. The stockholder sells out if he scents failure in his Company, the reader resigns from the Library when he has lost interest in books, the subscriber to the Hospital withholds his subscription as his philanthropy abates. Persuasion is hopeless unless the belief is restored or the motive revived.

The Theosophical Society exemplifies the facts exemplified in every other Society. Men do not enter it, any more than other bodies, without a reason, nor amalgamate with it without an impulse, nor remain in it when these expire. There must have been some inducement to its formation, and the same inducement must recruit its membership.

As to mere condition to entrance, nothing could be simpler,—belief in the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood, beyond which there is no exaction. But this is an abstraction, not of itself prompting to membership. Even the wish to express it would alone hardly influence a man to join, he being

already a member of the Universal Brotherhood, Humanity, and not particularly needing to say so. If he joins, it can only be because he has further convictions and desires to give them practical force. If we scrutinize the motion resulting in our own entrance into the Society—a surer disclosure than dry speculation, we shall find it, I think, in the assurance that some finer truth is contained in the term "Theosophy" than is discerned elsewhere and without, and in the wish to ascertain it for our own benefit and to promulgate it for that of others. Just what that truth may be, how many or how defined its departments, what its range or certainty or value; how strong the purpose to acquire it; how vigorous the desire to extend it; may as yet be indeterminate. But that Theosophy holds truth, that some portion of it commends itself to our intelligence and moral sense, that we crave further light and fuller action,—these seem the combined facts which moved us to seek admission.

Very varied are the degrees and nature of this primary experience. Sometimes it is little more than curiosity, weariness of unsatisfying systems suggesting that this novel field may promise better. Sometimes there is an instinctual grasp of the fact that a whole region of thought and motive, so decidedly a revelation to Western eyes and so evidenced from history and literature and physical marvels, *must* contain pearls of great price. Sometimes a particular doctrine instantly evokes assent as eminently rational in itself and as solving difficulties hitherto hopeless, and the inference arises that a philosophy so satisfying on one point may be equally so on others. But whatever the amount of life in the germinal thought, the very slightest life produces interest, and the thought and the interest point to union with the Theosophical Society.

As a member identifies himself with the studies and the work of the Society, and in exact proportion as he does so, there come a light into his mind, an assurance into his heart, a transformation into his life. The spark spoken of in *Light on the Path* enlarges, swells into a gleam, a flame, warming and shining through every part of his being. His perplexities abate, his doubts dwindle, his perception becomes more acute, and his knowledge expands. Conscience softens, sympathy grows, intelligence strengthens. Life has a new meaning, a rich purpose, as the decaying notions of earlier days are supplanted by the now developing vitalities of a real Nature. If with steady hand he represses the habits which tie him down to animal routine, and if he encourages the higher nature to every flight, and if he consecrates his means to that great aim of spreading broadcast the truths which are saving him and may save the world,—thus living the life and dispensing it, he daily frees himself more and more from the limitations which distress and thwart, and revels in that sunny liberty which only they enjoy who are in harmony with the Universe and its Law. The-

osophy has not only convinced him, it has emancipated him: the Society is more than an association, it is the almoner of blessings to a world.

There is, of course, a converse process. It is where the original interest has died down, the more tangible affairs around it displacing it, and so Theosophical thought fades away, Society meetings lose charm and are deserted, membership becomes distasteful and is silently dropped or formally repudiated. As the doctrine has no longer vitality, neither has the impulse to promulgate it, and the lack of sympathy with the Society very properly leads to retirement from it.

The real cohesiveness of members, the magnetic force which draws them together and overcomes all tendencies to disunion, is the conviction of certain truths, coupled with the desire to extend them through the world. This is the case also with a Church. But a great distinction separates the two. The Theosophical Society does not hold to a collection of doctrines as revealed by God, but as ascertained by man with the powers God has given him; nor as transcending reason and to be received with unreasoning faith, but as demonstrated by reason and verified better as it enlarges; nor as remote from practical human life, but as exemplified throughout it and in every item of it. The Society does not missionize because ignorance of doctrine loses the favor of the Almighty, but because it imperils the well-being of men; nor does it attempt to proselyte or to threaten or to persuade, but only to make known that all may examine; nor even to make known as a perfunctory duty, but because it perceives that only through knowledge of the Laws of Life can life ever be corrected and made happy and progressive. It points out evil and the cure for evil precisely as a sanitary engineer expounds the conditions to healthy homes and bodies; not at all as a policeman who enforces an arbitrary proclamation from his Chief. Hence its spirit and its motive and its method have no ecclesiastical analogy, and it is as far from a Creed as it is from a Ritual.

This distinction made, the solidarity of the Theosophical Society is evidently in the tenacity with which its members hold to Theosophy, and the self-forgetful zeal with which they disseminate Theosophy abroad. Solidarity is not in numbers. Mere formal membership creates no strength, excites no effort, produces no result. Belief in Universal Brotherhood is a dead belief until it prompts exertion for the benefit of that Brotherhood, and the exertion is aimless if it has no definite purpose, and fruitless if the purpose be unintelligent or ill-considered. Study of Aryan religions or psychic powers gives cohesion only so long as a student for selfish objects thinks he gains by union, and will never lead to large or generous altruism. If the members of the Society are to be welded into compact strength, a strength to withstand attack from without and dissension from within, it can only be as they are pervaded with the great warmth of a common conviction

and a common mission. The conviction is that Theosophy is a truth, that it expresses the actual facts in the universe and the actual mode of man's spiritual advance, that as a philosophy and a religion it is not speculative but demonstrated. The mission is that this truth shall be so proclaimed that every ear may hear and every willing heart respond, that ignorance shall be everywhere dispelled and the way thrown open to intelligent choice, that no one shall continue in darkness and mistake and progressive misery through any causes but his own will. Such union is the counsel of our Elder Brethren. In the MSS. of an Adept it is written: "Have solidarity among yourselves like the fingers on one hand. Each member should strive to feel so towards the other". Filled with Theosophic doctrine and burning with Theosophic purpose, the members of the Society will have a solidarity no antagonisms can overcome; and as their own assurance deepens with larger knowledge and more copious experience, and as their consecration becomes more heartfelt, more intense, more unreserved, they will see in limitless measure the triumph which is as yet but partial, and rejoice that the treasure they have best valued by straining to dispense has become the delight of all humanity, the common patrimony of the Universal Brotherhood.

ALEXANDER FULLERTON, F. T. S.

The motto of the faithful student should be: "SOLIDARITY *at any cost*."

For when in the impersonal he sinks the personal:

When to the union of the many he subordinates the limitations of the few:

When for the centralizing instinct of the personality, he substitutes the centrifugal intuition of the individuality:

When, with Thought fixed upon the homogeneity of all, he has forgotten the attractions of his separated mind:

When, regarding his lodge as one body and his fellow students as each necessary to the functions of that body, he cares for the right thought and right action of each unit as if it were himself:

Then he has mounted the first step of that ladder which leads to the Eternal, and has entered upon the fulfilment of the saying:

"'Tis from the bud of Renunciation of the Self that springeth the sweet fruit of final Liberation."

Learning thenceforward to look upon his lodge, not as a thing physical and separate, but as an entity existing in the spiritual world only by virtue of its perfect unity, he regards thought as the essential condition from which all right action and true Being proceed, and purifying his mind he realizes that as the real battle-ground whereupon he and his comrades must succeed or fail.

JASPER NIEMAND.

TEA TABLE TALK.

So much interest has been aroused by the anecdotes and charming personality of little Antonina that the Editor, yielding to requests from all parts, publishes her portrait in this number of the PATH. Some of the anecdotes given below have never been published before, while others have been gathered from earlier numbers of the PATH, the whole making an Antonina number, where the pretty sayings of her third to her fifth year combine, as a whole, to show her natural leaning towards the occult. Only one of her relatives is an F. T. S. To her kindness we owe these suggestive records, and she assures us that she never talks of Theosophy to the child, feeling in honor bound not to do so.

On one occasion this auntie had been reading to Antonina an account of a boy who had been much injured. It impressed Antonina so much that, climbing into the aunt's lap, she said :

"Where did they carry that little boy?"

"I don't know. I suppose they carried him to the hospital."

"Well ; why didn't they carry him to God's house?"

"Why," was the somewhat startled response ; "I think they just took him to the hospital, where they could make him well again."

"Oh!" said Antonina, "they ought to have taken him to God's house. I've been there; I've been all through the skies; it's very nice there; he needn't have been afraid. It isn't dark there; that is, it isn't *very* dark; it's very nice."

"What do you mean?" said Auntie.

"I was there once, and nothing happened to me at all, and I saw a beautiful great Light coming towards me, and it was God himself, and he asked me what I was doing there. And I told him that I was getting made into a girl. It had to be made into something, you know, and it was a girl."

"When was that?"

"That was before I came here. I used to be old, and then I was made young again." After a short pause, she added, "Why doesn't Grandpa get made young again, like Uncle S.?"

Antonina often makes up little songs, both words and air, of her own, and sings them. These, she says, are taught to her by her *Pillakatuka*. Asked what this *Pillakatuka* is, she replies, laying her small hand upon her breast: "The Pillakatuka is in here. When you see, Auntie, it is not you that sees, it is the Pillikatuka. You don't hear anything; you think you do, but it is the Pillikatuka that hears. When you go to sleep, the Pillikatuka gets out and goes to heaven for a little while. If the Pillakatuka didn't come back, you would never wake up; you would be dead. My Pillakatuka knows everything."

This small philosopher had been shut up in the city all winter, and her first spring day in the country gave unbounded joy. She ran about with all the alertness of her four years. Coming into the house at dusk, she sat down in a corner, apparently meditating on the day's pleasures. At last she spoke.

"Auntie, I shall sing you a song. It's a pretty song, about the spring birds in the air." She gave one of her little improvisations, rhymed, the song and air her own. A brief thoughtful pause followed. "Now, Auntie, I shall sing another song, it is much prettier. It is the song of the winds in the pines." A more finished air and song followed. "And now," she cried, "I shall sing the most beautiful one; the prettiest of all. This is *the joy of ripe fruit*." And it was beautiful. When asked where she gets these songs, she says the Pillakatuka gave them to her. This word, too, is her own. "The Pillakatuka is my Pillakatuka in *here*; you have one, Auntie, don't you feel it? Everybody has a Pillakatuka." Some time later she spoke of her "spirit" and was asked: "Is that your Pillikatuka?" "Oh no!" she replies with quick scorn, "the *spirit* is in my heart." One morning she lay in bed with her mother, talking about the Pillakatuka, its uses, and so on, and finally worked up to this: "And when you are asleep, you know, it goes up to Heaven, and then you seem as if you were dead, but you aren't, you know."

"What does it go there for?" asks Mamma.

"To get something to eat; of course it can't eat what we do. And when we *really* die, the Pillakatuka goes to Heaven and stays there."

"And what does it do there?"

"Well, you know, it doesn't stay there very long, because your Pillaka-

tuka has to keep working all the time; so in a little while it comes down to earth again, and goes into another human being, and then it just goes on working here again. And Jack" (the dog) "has a *kind* of a Pillakatuka too. And when Jack dies his Pillakatuka goes to heaven too, and perhaps, *perhaps*, next time he'll be *a man!*"

Another time Antonina remarks: "I like to go to bed, because of my *superstitious monkey.*" It was thought that she meant a supposititious monkey, but, when this was suggested to her and the word explained to mean "make believe," she insisted that her monkey was not that, he was a real monkey, and came when she went to bed. "He comes when I'm in bed and sits on the footboard; then he drums, drums his heels on it; he drums them at me. (She rather likes the drumming.) Then he talks to me about the flowers, and the butterflies, and—and all out of doors, and a great many things you wouldn't understand, Auntie. I understand, only I couldn't explain them to you." Later on she says, "Do you know what my superstitious monkey is? It is the Darkness. It's not *really* a monkey. It's the Darkness that speaks. It isn't everybody that can hear the Darkness speaking. You have to listen very, very carefully. And everybody doesn't understand what the Darkness says. You have to listen so. It's not dark like that," pointing to the next room where a half light just makes darkness visible, "but it's the black, black Darkness, when you can't see, you only hear it."

Another day she had been naughty. But anger with her is only a flash in the pan. Presently she came along all smiles. "Mamma," says she, by way of excuse, "you know there isn't ever *anybody* that's *always* good, except God. *Even those theosophicals*, they *can't always* be good. For they're only men, after all, you know." Where she had heard of the theosophists is not known, but the idea of screening her imperfections behind the Deity could only come from her ingenious self.

One day as Auntie was dressing, Antonina floated into her room with the little fixed expression in her face which always shows she has something particular to say. Standing by her Auntie's dressing-table, she said, after waiting a few minutes:

"You don't seem to be very much 'innerested' in my superstitious monkey".

"Oh, but I am," was the reply, "only you told me I couldn't understand what it said, and I didn't want to trouble you with questions, but if you will tell me about it I shall be very glad to listen".

So Auntie and Baby sat down on the bed together, and Antonina began, with complete gravity.

"I'll 'esplain' it to you, and then I think you'll understand. You know it tells me about things—about the flowers."

"Oh I thought it was the Pillikatuka that did that," said Auntie, who had determined to take advantage of this occasion to try and straighten out the ideas of the little one for her own satisfaction.

"Oh no," was the ready response, "the Pillikatuka tells me about God and the Angels;"—then suddenly—"Shall I tell you what my Pillikatuka told me yesterday?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well it said, and told me I must not tell anybody outside the family, that when I died I would *seem* to stay away a long time, but it would be really only a little while; for you know to die is only to sleep for a long time."

This with—oh such a rapt expression in the dear little face that Auntie finds it almost impossible to go on, but she finally says (as a test, for Antonina has lately explained that she has a Spirit which lives in her heart), "So your Spirit told you that?"

"No; that was my Pillikatuka."

"Well—but Baby, aren't your Pillikatuka and your Spirit the same thing?"

"Oh no—there's a great deal of difference between them."

"What difference?"

"Why, a great deal; they don't do the same kind of work; they do very different work."

"How different?", breathlessly.

"Why the Pillikatuka tells you about God and the Angels and all about how things are made, and lots of things, while the Spirit tells you what to do, tells you when you are naughty; only when I get into a temper" (musingly) "I *don't* listen to it"; (you see baby is *very* human). After a moment's quiet she added—"You know I don't really know what my Spirit is, but my Pillikatuka told me that when I got to Heaven God would tell me."

"Which of the two knows the most, dear?"

"Oh the Spirit," half disdainfully at my ignorance—then slowly and almost solemnly—"God put a great deal of Wisdom into the Pillikatuka, but the Spirit knows more than that. You know," she adds, hastily, "Pillikatuka isn't the right name, but I can't learn the right name till I go to Heaven." Auntie gathers herself up and asks (rather timidly), "How did the Pillakatuka learn so much, that's what I want to know, Antonina."

"Well, you see it's very old, and before I was made it was up in Heaven learning these things to teach to me—oh, and it knows a great many things, more things than it can teach me in a long time."

"Oh! then it's older than the Spirit?" (with seeming confidence).

"Oh no; it's very old, but the Spirit's very much older than that."

After a moment's pause to watch the rapt little face, Auntie says:

"Well, Baby, where does the superstitious monkey come in? is *he* the same as the Pillikatuka?"

"Oh no,"—with a little giggle of amusement.

"Why, but you said it told you about flowers and about"—

Almost severely Antonina interrupts.

"The monkey doesn't know anything about any *godly* things; it just knows—well just about things we know ourselves, but the Pillakatuka tells us things we *ought* to know." Then—suddenly—"You know we have bells."

"Bells!" (with amazement) "what for?"

"Why to talk to the Angels with, of course. When we want to talk to them we just strike it"—with a little gesture—"and they come right to us."

"And what are the bells like?"

"Just golden and silvery. I'll show you," slipping down and running to pick up a child's painting book on the outside of which is depicted a palette spread with colors; "there," settling down again, "these are all the colors; there are red and blue and 'inigo', and there's violet—you see we have just these colors, and when the Angels are so far off they can't hear our bells they just see our colors and then they can come right to us."

"Why don't I ever *hear* the bells, dear?"

"Well, you see our bells are up in Heaven and we have a sort of a magic bell here," pressing her hand against her little breast, "and when we strike this, it strikes our bell in Heaven and the Angels hear that."

Cautiously Auntie tries to draw her back to Earth—"Does the monkey disturb you when he drums on the foot board?"

"No indeed. He just does that to amuse me, and I make him stop when he goes too loud, for he disturbs Mamma and makes her jump when she's asleep because she doesn't know he is there, but '*genally*'" (we are always pleased when she does use a baby word) "he just dances about to amuse me. Come," (sliding down to the floor) "that's the dinner-bell," and the Sage disappears and the hungry earthly child sits down to meat and potatoes with as much zest as if Spiritual and Astral Planes (for surely the monkey must belong in the latter) were simply dreams in the heads of musty Pundits.[1]

Antonina sitting on the floor playing with her dolls tells them a long story of which Mamma only hears the ending, which runs this way:—

"And it rained and rained" (it was on a rainy day, by the way) "till everything was just spoiled; all the flowers and everything, and the people got so tired of it they just all went to bed, and when they got up the next morning they found it was still raining, and when he saw how badly the people felt and how everything was spoiled, *God himself was mortified* to think how much rain he had let fall; so he stopped it."

Mamma picked up a paper from the floor which was so evidently a picture of some importance that she called upon Baby to explain it. As soon as Antonina saw it she began to giggle as if thoroughly amused at the remembrance. "Well; what is it about?" said Mamma. "Why, don't you see?" said Baby, "that's my superstitious monkey; he's up in Heaven chasing the Angels all about with a stick, and God himself is laughing to see him do it!"

Antonina had received a doll's carriage as a parting present from W. who was soon to go away, but Baby did not seem to know just why it had been given to her, so Auntie said, while she was washing baby's hands, "Don't you know W. gave you that because she is going away?"

"Oh! is that the reason?" said Antonina.

"Yes," was the reply followed by the idle question, "Do you know when W. is going?"

"Yes; the last of next week," said Antonina.

1 This is, as nearly as I can remember it, an actual conversation, word for word at one time, except the very last sentence which was said a few days later.—March 5th, 1891.

"No," replied Auntie; "she's going the last of *this* week."

"I didn't know it was this week;"—then like a flash after a second's pause, "Why there isn't any next week, is there?"

Auntie divined the thought, but wishing to hear it explained said inquiringly; "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, because when it gets here"—a moment's pause here, evidently to think up some explanation that Auntie could understand—"well you see it's like this—If I should say I was going to a party to-morrow, people might think I meant some other day, but it wouldn't be, because when I went to it it would be *to-day*—There isn't ever anything but just to-day, is there?" Pythagoras and Plato rolled into one couldn't have explained it better. In fact, one of the most remarkable things about Antonina is her power of expressing her thoughts always in the most beautiful language, and she is always able to express one thought in several ways, use several images, if she wishes to do so, to make her meaning clearer.

What she is so absolutely a happy child, gay and bright, flitting about like a butterfly, dancing like a fairy, and is in no way morbid or unnatural. When saying some of her occult ideas, however, her gaze is fixed far away, momentarily.

The other day a lady who lives next door to Antonina's Grandmother in the country said to the little girl, "Do you live in the city, Antonina?" "Well, yes," she said, "I am supposed to live in the city, but I am out here visiting so much of the time that I couldn't say I lived continuously anywhere."

JULIUS.

LITERARY NOTES.

MAY LUCIFER saddens a reader with the reflection that it was the last number edited by its great founder, but for teaching importance rises conspicuously among the whole series. "Theosophy and the Social Evil" has never been surpassed in its grand vindication of justice, of purity, of the duty to and from women; and he who reads its stinging strictures on moral humbug and hypocrisy, its exposure of legalized selfishness and outrage, its trumpet-call to fair dealing and utter equity, and remembers that "D. Harij" is a reverent pupil of her whom reckless journalists call "foul-mouthed" and "licentious", may well ask if pure waters have their source in a tainted spring, and if the brimstone lake is not nearly ready for liars and slanderers. Bertram Keightley narrates two personal experiences with Yogis, the second peculiarly interesting and conclusive of Occult powers. "The True Church of Christ" pursues its course of relentless demonstration, closing every loophole and anticipating every objection; "The Esoteric Christ" takes a topic rich in spiritual interest to the mystic and in ecclesiastical interest to the student, and then expounds it with rare lucidity and power. Madame Blavatsky has an article, "My Books". To this, whether

considered in its solemnity as a last utterance, its frankness as an unreserved explication, its fulness, precision, patent honesty, triumphant vindication, any tribute must seem poor. The May *Lucifer* should be bought by every Theosophist in every land. Twelve inmates of her household and coadjutors in her literary work sign a "Declaration" as to their direct personal knowledge of her and it, and their unqualified faith in her *bona fides* as a teacher and her personal character. "Pistis—Sophia" makes an *au revoir*; why not an *adieu*? The reviewer in *Lucifer* holds that disbelief in obsession is one of the strongest proofs of being obsessed,—a painful picture of almost exceptionless demoniacal "possession" in the intelligent world, and one which must be most disheartening to a writer on high moral themes. Our own cheerful performance of duty, we being of the great host of sceptics, and therefore obsessed, is far less creditable. Indeed, it seems almost like additional proof of the demon's hold. [A. F.]

Theosopical Siftings, Vol. IV, No. 5, contains two papers by Dr. J. D. Buck, "The Ministry of Pain, the Meaning of Sorrow, and the Hope of the World", and "A Blighting Curse." They are not only full of fact and meaning and wisdom, but are, particularly the first, charming in diction. Then, too, they are so cheery and healthy, so clearly the outcome of a soul free from morbid notions and in the most genial sympathy with Nature, that the reader's mind and heart swell out in such pure, exhilarating air. There is a slight logical fallacy in the 3d and 4th lines from the foot of page 4, but the delightful sentences following quite obscure it. [A. F.]

May Theosophist opens with Mr. C. Kotayya's lecture in the Adyar Course. The 2d and 3d pages give indications that an Oriental audience is less exacting than a Western in its demand for stern accuracy in reasoning, though the argument on lines 25–28 of 3d page might dismay logicians of any race. The May installment of "Obeah" is the most interesting yet, peculiarly so in its illustrations of "projecting the double." "A Chat on the Pial" has such direct common-sense and wholesome truth that it might well be read aloud to every Branch in the T. S. Not so with "Sandhya-vandanam". The Supplement shows how Mr. Keightley's energetic spirit is vibrating through India, wakening the sleepers and nudging the half-awake, and telling all that a living present is better than a dead past. Instead of commending old-time ceremonies and crooning over the glories of a defunct Aryavarta, they should bestir themselves and get to work and be of some use in the Theosophical Society. He does not, perhaps, put the case so explicitly, but that is what it all comes to. Contributions, it is pleasant to see, are arriving at Headquarters. [A. F.]

The President of the Toronto T. S., Bro. Albert E. S. Smythe, has just printed a little volume of original poems, 10 Elegiacs, 20 Sonnets.

15 Humorous, 56 Miscellaneous, and 5 "Peanut Ballads". The number, as well as the title, *Poems Grave and Gay*, shows into what varied regions of sentiment Bro. Smythe has strolled, and certainly many-sidedness is as enviable in poetry as in other departments of literature. If keen perception of rhythm in prose was more common with prose-writers, the musical flow illustrated by Geo. Wm. Curtis would be enormously increased: and, conversely, if the clearness of prose could be transferred over to poetry, Swinburne and Browning would become readable. It may seem odd to say that Theosophy might aid to this, but why not if it be really the genius of symmetrical development? Indeed, one of the stanzas of Bro. Smythe hints as much, for it says, with abounding truth in both the literary and the domestic field:—

"For none can properly sympathize
With thoughts or children not their own."

(*Imrie & Graham, Toronto: $1.00*)

Vahan No. 13 publishes extracts from a letter by the Mahatma K. H., contributed by Mr. Judge.

Theosophia at Sittings, Vol. IV, No. 6, has a very ingenious paper on "Marriage in the Mineral World", some most practical truths on "Theosophy in Home Life", and a brief essay on "Happiness" containing some good thought, some inaccurate thought, and some confused thought, but giving promise of a time when all the thought shall be as wholesome as is the present motive. [A. F.]

The June number of Lucifer is one that should find welcome with all Theosophists. It is, in truth, a memorial number of its founder and chief editor. A brief editorial note stands on the first page, from the pen of Annie Besant, H. P. B.'s editorial colleague, and from this we learn what was to be expected, that no change will be made in policy or energy. We are delighted to know that there are MSS. of H. P. B. still on hand, to be published in the magazine. The bulk of the number consists of an account of H. P. B.'s departure and cremation, followed by short articles by William Q. Judge, Annie Besant, G. R. S. Mead, the Countess Wachtmeister, Isabel Cooper-Oakley, A. P. Sinnett, Dr. J. D. Buck, and others, all telling of the aspect of H. P. B. which impressed itself on each. We have thus a most interesting series of testimonies to the great teacher from the pens of those who, for various reasons, are best fitted to write about her. The remainder of the number is up to standard, but we naturally have our attention fixed wholly on the part which relates to H. P. B. herself. An admirable likeness of her adds to the value of the issue; the picture will be a photogravure of excellent quality and likeness. This number of the magazine will be a memorable one.

The June Review of Reviews devotes 11 pages to Madame Blavatsky, giving a *fac-simile* letter from her to Mr. W. T. Stead, the editor, and 4 portraits of her, including the last ever made. Mr. Stead's "Character Sketch" emphasizes mainly her greatness, especially the greatness which, in spite of ridicule, hatred, and contumely, impressed upon the Western world proof of spiritual truth, the existence of high and unseen Intelligences, and the fact that They may and do commune with mortals. Mr. A. P. Sinnett, whose portrait is given, takes up many points in her career, and in particular points out how her own conception of her mission changed, its early stage being of the use of phenomena to demonstrate the fact of occult forces and laws in Nature, and then steadily turning more and more to the exposition of Spiritual Philosophy and the stimulus to Higher Life, till at the last phenomena had dropped from sight. He indicates too a change in her character and tone, the brilliant conversationalist and *raconteuse* becoming the sobered teacher and guide. Very interesting are his remarks on her objection to Spiritualism and on the tremendous force of her personality. Once more the Psychical Research Report receives a blow, and poor Mr. Hodgson held up before a world which has not ceased grinning at him. He probably cares little for proofs of trickery and deceit—youths of his class rather like to be thought "cute"—but to be shown as planning his attack while a guest at Headquarters is rather galling to an Englishman who must know by hearsay what other Englishmen think of abuse of hospitality, and to be described as "hoodwinked" by Hindoos, whom an Englishman scorns, O what humiliation! One can hardly pity poor Mr. Hodgson, for that would be unfair to Karma, and yet one does shrink a little as one sees a sensitive young man pilloried in literature, the great achievement of his life become a source for taunts and jeers, and the "exposure" of a fraud which was to have made him famous turned into the exposure of a blunder which makes him ludicrous. But as at least two very eminent Theosophists were first instigated to start by the "Report," poor Mr. Hodgson's work has been by no means in vain.

June Lucifer is almost wholly a Memorial to H. P. B. After a brief "Editorial Word" from Mrs. Besant announcing an unchanged policy, there follow 15 short articles from as many friends. "How she left us", by Miss Cooper, gives minute particulars of her last days; "The Cremation" comes next; Miss Kislingbury describes her "At New York and Wurtzburg"; Mrs. Oakley "At Cairo and Madras", stating anew as an eye-witness the transparent fraud of Mr. Coulomb's "sliding panels" which need hardly have beguiled the simple mind of poor Mr. Hodgson; the Countess Wachtmeister "At Wurzburg and Ostende"; Mr. Chas. Johnston with great power gives "A Memory" of her; Mrs. Besant tells of her "As I knew her"; Mr. Mead narrates "The last two years"; Mr. Burrows avows

"What she is to me"; Mr. Old depicts the "Teacher and Friend"; Dr. Buck "As seen through her work"; Mr. Laheri gives "The Opinion of a Hindu"; and "Saladin" states "How an Agnostic saw her".

As a magnificent Funeral March rolls its waves of glorifying harmony around a departed hero, each instrument sounding its special notes, yet in each the plaintive tone perceptible amid the thrill, so this great tribute to the Greatest Personage of the age, the only known Initiate in the West, stirring as it is in its many-voiced exposition of her many-sided nature, saddens with the strain of a temporary loss. Yet only temporary, for Mr. Sinnett in "A Word" reveals what she has often told him of the hopes she cherished as to her next incarnation and the nature of some of those past, and not obscurely intimates that she died because a new body was at the moment ready, one some of us now living may be privileged to meet. Who would recognize it more quickly than he who contributes "Yours till Death and after, H. P. B." the one who had known her in prior lives, who was her trusted counsellor and fluchless supporter, who understood her, appreciated her, *knew* her, the favored recipient of more occult marvels than any or all the rest, her "*only* friend", as she touchingly described him, the faithful and the loyal, the tried and the true, William Q. Judge, General Secretary of the American Section? [A. F.]

(*The Path will have on sale copies of June Lucifer at 40 cts.*)

Bro. Wm. J. Colville, besides printing in *The Problem of Life* an enthusiastic tribute to Madame Blavatsky, has delivered in Cleveland and Boston a lecture upon her Life and Writings to great audiences. This is to be put in pamflet form, and may be had for 5 cts. (50 copies for $1.00) from Mr. Colville, Room 1, 4 Berkeley st., Boston, Mass.

Mr. Wm. Kingsland, who gave to Theosophy and to Literature *The Higher Science*, has done Religion and true Christianity the service of publishing *The Esoteric Basis of Christianity*. At this epoch there can hardly be performed a greater good than the showing in gracious and fair-minded speech what is the real strength and merit of the religion of the West, removing gently and courteously the fictions with which ecclesiastics have covered it, pointing out the identity of its internal frame-work with that of the earliest beliefs known to man. Indiscriminate violence and passionate hatred are not the habits of either the tactful apologist or the Comparative Theologian, and Mr. Kingsland's impartiality comes like a cool, cheering breeze into the heated regions of prejudice and clamor. Calm, lucid, logical, percipient, knowing not only the verbage of the Bible but the esoteric truth behind it, he outlines the Theosophic nature of primitive Christianity and then shows how much richer are the utterances of Paul the Initiate than those of Paul the Canonical Writer. No man can expound

the Bible who does not understand it, and no man can understand it who does not sympathize with its esotericism. In the genial spirit of one who is a Christian as Jesus and Paul would have regarded the term, Bro. Kingsland has severity only for those who mislead and denounce, only help for those who display the spirit of truth. Pages 7, 11, 12, 13, 16, 25, 35 are particularly felicitous, but the whole pamflet is excellent. (*For sale by the Path; 10 cts.*)

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

AMERICA.

A MEMORIAL MEETING was held on May 14th by Golden Gate, Aurora, and Triangle Branches at the San Francisco Headquarters, and, after addresses evidently most heartfelt and tender, Resolutions respecting the departure of Madame Blavatsky were passed. Many other Branches in the American Section have taken like befitting action. It is not possible for the PATH, with its limited space, to print these, but they are all most gratifying and significant. Three ideas unite to produce a triple statement: 1st, of reverent gratitude for the invaluable teachings and indefatigable work of our departed Leader; 2d, of assurance that no ground for discouragement exists as to the future of either Theosophy or the Society, inasmuch as her own interest and that of the Masters behind her are unaffected by her physical departure; 3d, of determination to a new and fuller consecration to the Cause and its support. This was the purport of the Address to every F. T. S. sent out by the General Secretary with the Convention Report, and this is the purport of the Resolutions coming in to Headquarters from the various Branches. If that spirit suffuses every Member of the Society, and if it endures *as a permanent motor* in his life, the triumph of Theosophy is as certain as is its truth.

SEATTLE T. S., Seattle, Washington Terr., has secured peculiarly desirable quarters in the Chamber of Commerce Building, 3d and Marion sts. There is but one other tenant, the State Board of Trade, and all the circumstances produce conviction in the Branch that Theosophy is to have brighter days in Seattle than ever before. The first meeting was held in the new rooms on May 24th, when Bro. J. H. Scotford of Tacoma favored the members with an address.

DANA T. S., Sioux City, Iowa, has begun systematic study of the 1st volume of the *Secret Doctrine*. The greater part of each meeting is devoted to careful examination of one or two slokas with the commentaries thereon, the preceding lesson being reviewed by questions. The last half hour is

used for the reading and discussion of a part of the *Bhagavad Gita*. An extra meeting with special program is to be held each week for the benefit of inquirers.

The General Secretary sailed on May 13th in the *City of New York*. He found the steamer impregnated with Theosophy, *Echoes from the Orient* circulating, and the topic continually in vogue. The editor of a prominent journal sought repeated interviews with him, expressed regret that the usual expositions of Theosophy were so little popularized, and avowed his purpose to himself write an explanatory work after his return. At the first meeting of the Blavatsky Lodge after H. P. B's departure, the General Secretary and Dr. Buck both spoke. The former recalled her prophecy of the great interest in Theosophy which would break forth in 1891, and illustrated its fulfilment. Dr. Buck spoke of his long wish to see her, his journey this year to do so, and his hearing at Queenstown that she had already left us, yet felt no regret that he had gone and no misgiving as to the Society's future.

The sixth series of public lectures given by the Golden Gate Lodge, San Francisco, is as follows:—May 17, *Rose Garden Festival*, by Sunday-School assisted by class of Ethical Culture; May 24, *Report of the late Theosophical Convention in Boston*, by the President, Mr. E. B. Rambo; May 31, *Theosophy the Comforter*, Mrs. Mercie M. Thirds; June 7, *Hypnotism*, Dr. J. A. Anderson; June 14, *Query Meeting*, Mrs. S. A. Harris answering questions from the audience; June 21, *Reincarnation*, Charles Sykes; June 28, *Battlefield of the Soul*, Miss M. A. Walsh; July 25, *The Great Mystery,—Creation, Preservation, Transformation*, Dr. A. Griffiths. The free public meetings will be continued through the summer. They continue well attended, and frequently the hall is crowded to its fullest capacity. The audiences are very miscellaneous and always changing. The departure of H. P. B. seems to have stimulated public interest in Theosophy, as well as the zeal of all F. T. S. At the closed sessions of the Branch each member is called upon alphabetically to contribute an original paper, this greatly stimulating to study and effort.

The Aryan T. S. was favored on June 16th with a most interesting paper by Bro. John M. Pryse upon "Mystical California". It treated of the singular development of psychic tendencies in that Garden of Earth, and explained it on various grounds, the geological and other features being treated with no small research and acumen. There is hope that it may be printed. This office does *love* to print things about California.

Obituary. The American Section has lost one of its early members in the death on June 11th of Mr. George W. Wheat. Mr. Wheat participated in the reorganization of the Aryan Branch in '83, and that reorganization

had place in the parlor of his residence. The PATH has been printed on his steam presses, as also all of the Tracts and no small number of other documents, and it is probable that more Theosophical literature has flowed from his establishment than from any and all others in the States. His death, though not wholly unexpected, was sudden, even instantaneous. The interment was at Woodlawn Cemetery on the morning of the 13th.

LONDON LETTER.

The most eventful month the T. S. has ever seen has just closed. Rarely, if ever, has it passed through so important an epoch. Our Leader, with the wondrous wisdom which she had manifested in her actions during the whole of her tempestuous career, in her last move acted with no little foresight. The day must at some time have come when she would leave us, and why not now? What time could have been better chosen! A year ago, perhaps six months ago, the Society would have suffered a more incalculable loss than now, profound as it nevertheless has been. In her last years she has done perhaps more for the Society than in all the rest together; organizing, altering, completing, propping up, she has left it on foundations which nothing can disturb.

The month opened with a houseful of invalids, eight being laid up with influenza, three of them apparently at death's door. A week later one or two being better left home for a few days to recover their lost health. Then, in a house thus crippled, teeming with work, and more or less disorganized, H. P. B. breathed her last. With no time for every-day work and scarce time for sorrow, the few that remained had to labor night and day to complete arrangements for the funeral. Telegrams were sent out broadcast to the various centers, and towards the evening friends began to arrive. The greater part of that night, and all the next day, and the next and the next, they kept coming, telegrams meantime literally pouring in. Then the cremation at Woking, and last the gradual return to work in a house from which the light seemed to have departed forever.

But all the while the public interest in Theosophy seemed to have been increasing in a marvelous way, every day the daily press cuttings were mounting higher and higher, and the papers teemed with notices concerning Theosophy. Then came the return of Mrs. Besant and the arrival of Mr. Judge and of Dr. and Mrs. Buck. The meetings of the Blavatsky Lodge have for two or three weeks been so crowded that there was not even standing room, and fifty or more persons had to be turned away from the door.

Every one is working more determinedly than ever. The responsibility of the work rests heavily on our shoulders, and so it must with all serious members of the Society, but more than ever do we feel it our duty to fulfil

every little particle of the work which we have undertaken, while our Leader retires to rest and to gather fresh energy to expend on a new and a brighter cycle.

C. F. W.

FOREIGN.

On Monday the 1st of June the General Secretary went to visit the Lodge at Chiswick by invitation of the Lodge. Invitations had been sent out to very many inquirers and the rooms were packed. The subject of the address was "What is Theosophy and what it is not." Mr. Judge spoke for forty minutes, and afterwards there were many questions asked. The Lodge is growing in numbers, and at each meeting there are applications for membership or association. They meet at present in the houses of the members, but feel that they will ere long have to take a hall or regular room on a larger scale.

Before the meeting Brother Kingsland entertained Bro. Judge at his house. The Gen. Sec. writes that the great distances of the city of London make it a little hard to get about without wasting time.

Harrow, the famous seat of learning just outside of London, was visited on the 7th of June by the Gen. Sec. and Mrs. Besant at the invitation of some of the F. T. S. there. There is no Branch in the town as yet, as it is very much under the influence of the Established Church, but it is hoped that in the course of no long time there will be one, as there are some earnest members there who are doing their best to get up a larger interest and a better knowledge of the real objects of the Society. Mrs. A. L. Cleather and Mrs. Marshall do all that they can to the desired end, and no doubt the seed sown will sprout in time.

The English Press has been of late very full of notices of the Society and of its work. Indeed much more has been said of it than in the U. S., for these notices and letters appear from day to day. A very good plan is in operation here by which one of the members receives all the clippings possible from the papers and then gives them out to various other members who make it their business to reply to them in some way or other. This results in a stream of letters, so that the work is constantly before the public, and every one stands a chance of at least knowing of the existence of the Society and about the doctrines that are being promulgated.

It is somewhat amusing to the good theosophist who keeps up with the progress of affairs to see all this interest just after so many editors had been loudly saying that theosophy died with the death of the body of H. P. B.

Blavatsky Lodge T. S. is beginning to feel that the hall it was at so much trouble to build may soon not be large enough to hold the people who crowd to its meetings. In addition to its regular Thursday meetings

a conversazione is held once a month, and the rooms are then arranged and decorated. These will end for the summer with the month of June, and will be resumed in the fall.

AN AMALGAMATION OF THE EUROPEAN AND BRITISH SECTIONS is proposed, and, if carried out, will be of the greatest benefit, as thereby the work will be centralized, and instead of effort being scattered it will be brought to bear with greater energy. Up to the present time the two Sections have been governed practically by the same people, so that there seems to be no reason why they should exist as separate entities. At the present time the British Section occupies the house No. 17 Avenue Road, next door to the house in which H. P. B. lived, and there are a library and a dining-room with upstairs rooms for visitors and residents. Instead of taking meals in the lecture hall at 19 as formerly, the meals are now taken in No. 17, access to the premises being had by a gate cut in the dividing wall.

In the reading room of No. 17 it is proposed to hang theosophical pictures, and also to place the books used by H. P. B. in a nice case, as she expressed a wish that they might be so disposed of.

A house was taken also at the back in the next street, and there Mr. Pryse and Mr. Brown run the Blavatsky Press. There is a common garden between No. 19 Avenue Road and the house in which the press is, and the end of the lecture hall projects into this garden, so that there is practically a large square of theosophical premises in one spot, as the house No. 17 is on the corner of the road and the cross street. All of the houses in Avenue Road are surrounded with trees, and the whole vicinity is just now a mass of foliage giving to the place a sweet and country air.

Regent's park is only one block off, and is a most beautiful and spacious park where one can in two or three minutes get among the trees and the grass. Not very far off in the opposite direction is the famous Hampstead Heath where Jack Sheppard used to roam and to rob, and it is another point where one can in a very short time escape into the country air and yet be at the same time in this great city.

THE HOUSE WHERE H. P. B. WORKED AND DIED OUT OF THIS LIFE is at 19 Avenue road, and a short description of it may interest our readears. It is a large square house about 50 feet front and situated two blocks from Regent's park. Like many houses in London it is covered with stucco and painted coffee-color. Standing in a large garden, it looks free and open to the American eye so accustomed to houses in rows. There is an extension along the front for a large room 20 feet wide, and at the back projects another one story addition intended for the private use of H. P. B. This is built of the yellowish brick so much used in London. The entrance door is in the middle of the front, and is a pylon with two large pillars.

Running up to it from the front gate in the front brick wall is a walk of cement covered completely with glass, so that as one enters through the gate he finds himself in a glass passage with the front door at the other end slightly higher than the level of the gate. Enter the hall and we see that it runs back to the winding stair to the upper floors enclosed at the foot by glass doors. At the left of the stairs is the door leading into H. P. B.'s rooms, and opposite on the other side of the hall is the wide arch for the parlor entrance now hidden by a screen on one side and a curtain on the other. At the foot of the stairs on the right is a room marked "general work room" in which I slept during my visit there. Just there is the entrance to the garden. On the story above are five rooms, and on this floor the house staff in part have their rooms, and on the story above the others. There is a small lawn in front of the house and the two front rooms look out upon it. Pass through the parlor and at the other side is a descending passage of four steps by which we go into the lecture hall that has been built up against that in the house side of the house, part of iron and part of brick.

Going into the room where H. P. B. worked, we find that it is square and papered in dark color. Her desk was near the window, and on one side another desk or secretary. There is the large armchair in which she sat the livelong day, and all about are the ornaments she procured herself, with the photographs and pictures of her theosophical friends on every hand. In the opposite corner as we enter is the book case, and on the other side stood another case for books. On the wall over the fireplace is a curious Indian figure of Christna, and up in the corner near the ceiling a little gold Buddha, while in other places are other Indian objects. The panels of the inner side of the entrance door are full of photographs, among them those of Allen Griffiths, Dr. Buck, A. B. Griggs, Dr. Anderson, W. C. Temple, A. Fullerton, T. R. Prater, Dr. Salisbury, Dr. Westcott, and some others unfamiliar. Over the door is a small wooden image of Buddha. Across the room is a door leading to the room where her secretary sat and also Mrs. Besant, and this door is covered with velvet, having on it the photographs of some more of her fellow theosophists. This brings us to the mantel on which rests a high darkly framed mirror with a picture of Mrs. Besant on one side. There are two standing brackets, and on one of them at the end is a picture of the famous woman yogi of India—Majji. Beside the door last spoken of is the other case, and on the top of it a bust of Plato and another of Socrates, while just over the door and inclined at an acute angle is a circular concave mirror. Some dark shelves are on the other side of the mantel covered with pictures and objects, among them being a large and very finely carved paper cutter which was presented to her by some Indian students. Opposite on the inner wall hangs a long and very ancient Japanese screen said to be 800 years old; it was given to her

by Col. Olcott after his last visit to Japan, and near it is his picture. Turning again to the case beside the door into the extension, we can see on the top the little Japanese cabinet used by her in 1875 in the city of New York, and in which I have often seen things put to disappear at once, and from which she often in my sight drew out objects that had not been there just before and the quantity of which could not be contained in it in any ordinary manner. The last time I saw her she told me that she had always had it with her, and that it had suffered many accidents in which it had been often broken. The back room is separated by an arch on which curtains hang, and with a screen to hide the bed just beside the arch. It is a bedstead of brass and iron, and there are still the large pillows used by her. In one corner is a dressing-table at which in the morning she often sat and opened her letters. Beside the head of the bed and just where it could be seen as one lay down hung a photograph of her friend William C. Judge, and in other places those of the Indian Headquarters and of persons she knew. On the other side of the room is a large clothes-press where was to be found clothing that she seldom had any use for, as she delighted in two or three old familiar things that felt like old friends not to be annoyed by inattention or want of display. Such is the plain and unassuming room in which this noble woman, this mysterious being, passed so much time in working steadily from day to day for the cause she loved, for the Society she started, and for true theosophists as well as for those ungrateful men and women who have abused her in her life and have tried to drag her name from the grave, but who will one day come to acknowledge the great services she has done for the whole human race.

She had the door cut into the extension room so that near to her call might be those who had chosen to take up the work of helping her on the spot without any hope of reward except the privilege of being near to her and to hear her speak of the mystery of life and the hope of the future. The world is in the habit of supposing that the life of such people as H. P. B. is full of excitement, and theosophists have often thought that to be near to her was to be in the constant presence of the marvellous. But such was not the case. It was a daily hard round of work and nothing but work for the sake of others. And as for the marvellous and the doing of magical things, that was not what she was here to do, and that she kept to herself, for, as she wrote to me, she knew well that her real life was never known to those who were about her, and they also came to know the same and to admit that they could never hope to understand her.

But one thing is certain, and that is that she herself made up her mind some months before her death that she was soon to go, and she began to quietly prepare the workers for that and to make sure that the centre she established in England would last for many years. That it will last as such

a centre is evident to any one who will come and look at it and note the aspiration and the motive she created in the minds and hearts of those who were of late so constantly about her.

In accordance with H. P. B.'s wish her rooms will be kept intact just as she left them, and there is no doubt but that in the course of time they will be a place of pilgrimage for those who were able to appreciate her work. *The Secret Doctrine* was finished on the desk in the room, and that alone will be one great object of interest. Her pens and ink are there, and the scissors hanging by a tape. These were used every day in cutting out the paragraphs from different publications which she explained or replied to.

W. Q. J.

The Calcutta "Indian Mirror" of May 13th is edged with black out of respect to Madame Blavatsky, and contains an article most unqualifiedly eulogistic, as also full of gratitude for her great services to India.

The General Secretary in Ireland.

In Ireland the Dublin Lodge, June 10th, held an open meeting at their rooms, 3 Ely Place, to meet Mr. William Q. Judge who ran over from London for the purpose of attending the Lodge. The rooms, two in number, were full of members and visitors, and some were obliged to stay in the hallway. Bro. Judge spoke on the subject of "What theosophy is and What it is not". Everyone was deeply interested. A rather peculiar thing in the Dublin Lodge is that a very positive Christian attends all the meetings for the purpose of saving the young men from hell, and at each meeting he raves more or less about dogmatic christianity. Many questions were asked by the audience, and some showed a deep interest in the matter, and especially about ethics. From Dublin the Gen. Sec. returned to England to be present at the meeting there.

Blavatsky Lodge held its usual meeting on Thursday, June 11, at its hall in 19 Avenue road. The hall was full and the subject of the evening was Solar Myths, opened by Bro. W. R. Old in a very full paper presenting all the facts about those myths. Bro. Judge followed by endeavoring to point out the spiritual side of this great myth, and was listened to with attention. Bro. Kingsland then spoke on the same line, and Bro. Mead asked what we might do with these myths in order to give them a practical bearing on the life of man. The discussion then was closed by Annie Besant, who summed up the various views advanced. After these meetings end, the audience often remains until 11 o'clock, when the place is closed.

Brixton Lodge of London held a meeting for the purpose of listening to Annie Besant and Wm. Q. Judge on Friday, June 12, on Theosophy.

It was held at the house of one of the members, and about forty persons were present. Bro. Judge opened the meeting by outlining Unity, and Karma as giving force and sanction to ethics, showing that when karma was fully understood and grasped, then there arose in the man a powerful force to make him follow the laws that he professed as guides for conduct, and asserted that the absence of this force was really what was the matter with the present century. Annie Besant then continued on the same line, closing with a powerful appeal to the members to live fully up to their responsibilities.

Morning conversations at Headquarters. Every morning after breakfast the staff and what visitors may be in the house assemble in the library at 17 Avenue road for the purpose of having an informal conversation on theosophical and devotional topics for the space of fifteen minutes. Each day a different person opens the conversation and the others present their views. These meetings are of importance, as they give an impulse for the day and commence the vibrations in a healthy manner, as there is no debating and no set presentation of opinion.

Mrs. Besant on Theosophy in Liverpool. Last evening Mrs. Annie Besant and Mr. William Q. Judge (of New York) delivered jointly a lecture in the Rotunda Lecture-hall, William Brown street, to an audience of 1800. The lecture was entitled "Theosophy—what it is, and what it is not." Admission to the hall was free. Major Hand, of the King's (Liverpool Regiment), occupied the chair. In opening the proceedings he said that meeting had been arranged by the Liverpool Lodge of the Theosophical Society, which had opened new rooms at 62 Dale street. Mr. Judge having been introduced, said this was the first opportunity he had of speaking in Liverpool, and coming as he did a citizen of a free country, he expected to receive here a free and fair hearing. He proposed to speak to them of what Theosophy was not. In the first place Theosophy was not Spiritualism, nor Buddhism, nor Brahminism, nor Mohammedanism, nor Christianity, nor atheism, nor materialism. Theosophy was the reformer of the religion of the East, and the opponent of materialism in the West. In all systems of religion taught there was one blessed truth from which they all proceeded, and it was the office of Theosophy to find that out and declare what it was. All the systems of religion hitherto known had in them some defect which prevented them from acting towards each other so that misery and unhappiness may cease, and that defect, the Theosophists thought, was the want of brotherhood. The law of life was right thought, right speech, and right action, which was the best definition he could give of Theosophy. Mrs. Besant continued the subject, dealing with the metaphysical aspect of Theosophy. The very fact that there were controversies as to religious truth showed

that fundamental truth was still lacking, and it was that truth which Theosophy claimed to have found, and which Theosophy declared it possible to demonstrate to the intellect and conscience of man. She did not propose to demonstrate it that evening, but they could study it for themselves and prove it to themselves, otherwise, their faith was but a parrot cry.—*Liverpool Courier.*

NOTICES.

I.

Branch Paper No. 17, "In what sense is Universal Brotherhood possible?", read by Mrs. Mercie M. Thirds in San Francisco, was sent to the Secretaries the last week in June.

II.

Forum for June, No. 24, O. D. Paper No. 4, Mr. Wm. Main's Paper on H. P. B. printed and contributed by a Brooklyn F. T. S., and such copies of the *Vahan* as were given for distribution by the London Headquarters, were sent to Members-at-large and to the Secretaries during the 3d week in June.

III.

Persons using the Circulating Theosophical Library are invited to enter in their Catalogues the following additional books: No. 156, *Studies in Theosophy*, Wm. J. Colville; No. 157, *Bhagavad Gita*, Judge's American Edition; No. 158, *Jacob Boehme*, Dr. F. Hartmann; No. 159, *People from the Other World*, H. S. Olcott; No. 160, *Nature's Finer Forces*, Rama Prasad; No. 161, *Working Glossary;* No. 162, *Lucifer*, Vol. VII; No. 163, *Theosophical Forum*, Vol. II; No. 164, *The Idea of Rebirth*, Miss F. Arundale; No. 165, *Theosophical Siftings*, Vol. III; No. 166, *Discourses on the Bhagavad Gita*, Subba Row; No. 167, *Paracelsus*, Dr. F. Hartmann.

IV.

The latest photographs of Mrs. Annie Besant, taken when in New York, two styles, imperial, are on sale by the PATH; 50 cts. each.

V.

The John W. Lovell Co. has re-published Dr. F. Hartmann's *Paracelsus* in its "Occult Series." Price 50 cts., paper; $1.00 cloth; for sale by PATH.

Periodically the sun is eclipsed for us, but not for himself; and so our companions leave their bodies but never cease to be.—*Tibetan Verse.*

OM.